

IND.

ALL BRAND-NEW BATTLE ADVENTURES

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE



AUTHORITY

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10c

BATTLE

WHERE WAS THE
"HIDDEN
DOOM?"

"ATTACK
BY
NIGHT!"





DRAW LINCOLN

you may win a \$430.00 scholarship in commercial art

Draw Lincoln's head, with pencil, 6 inches high. As winner of contest you get a complete art course—free training for a money-making career in advertising art, illustrating or cartooning. You are taught, individually, by professional artists on the staff of world's largest home study art school. Among all commercial artists today, one out of every ten, it's estimated, has studied with Art Instruction, Inc. For over forty years this school has been teaching art to talented beginners. Try for a \$430.00 art course! Winner also gets drawing supplies and valuable art textbooks. Entries for February 1959 contest must be received by February 28. None returned. Amateurs only. Our students not eligible. Winner notified. Mail your drawing today.

Use 1 coupon—then pass this page on to a friend.

3. ART INSTRUCTION, INC., STUDIO 12948

500 South 4th Street, Minneapolis 15, Minnesota

Please enter my attached drawing in your contest.
(PLEASE PRINT)

Name _____ AGE _____
Address _____ Apt. _____
City _____ Zone _____
County _____ State _____

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1. ART INSTRUCTION, INC., STUDIO 12948

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Name _____ AGE _____
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A LONE G.I. RAIDER TANK STALKED THE BATTLELANDS OF THE COMMIES IN KOREA! ITS 90-MM GUN SPLASHED FLAME AND STEEL AT ENEMY TARGETS EVERYWHERE! THE JUGGERNAUT WAS A MENACE TO THE REDS--BUT IT WOULD HAVE BEEN A HARMLESS AND HELPLESS HUNK OF PIG IRON IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR THESE FOUR, INSIDE...

**SERGEANT CHARLIE
CRUNCH--TANK
COMMANDER...**



**CORPORAL ALEX
ZILKO--DRIVER...**



**PFC "WHAMMO"
WOLONOWSKI--
GUNNER...**



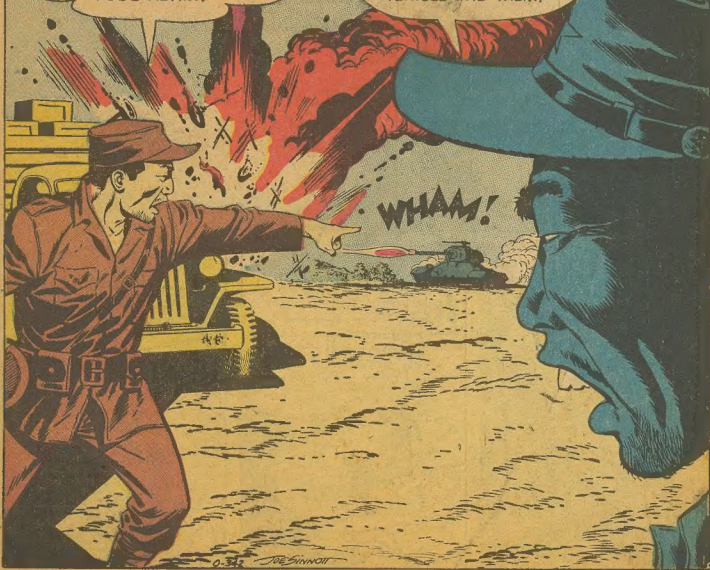
**PFC "MARCONI"
MARCHETTI--
RADIOMAN...**



THE IRON MONSTER!

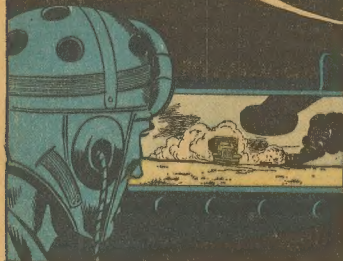
COMRADE COLONEL!
THE YANKEE RAIDER TANK
STRIKES AGAINST OUR MOTOR
POOL AGAIN!

THIS WILL BE ITS LAST
STRIKE! RAM THAT
EXPLOSIVES-LOADED
VEHICLE INTO THEM!



THEY'RE SENDING
A TRUCK AT US FOR
A RAM JOB!

MY MILLIMETERS
WILL GET RID OF
IT, SARGE!



NEGATIVE, WHAMMO!
THAT THING MAY BE A
BOMB ON WHEELS--AND
IF YOU GET RID OF IT
WITH A BLAST--IT'LL
GET RID OF US!

I'LL DRIVE
US OUT OF THE
WAY, SARGE!



THE YANKEE TANK HAS
EVADED OUR TRUCK--AND
NOW OUR VEHICLE SPEEDS
DRIVERLESS TOWARD THE
NEW TRUCKS WE RECEIVED
TODAY!



THE TRUCK-TORPEDO HIGH-BALLED INTO THE
COMMIE PARKING LOT--AND WHEN IT WHAMMED,
IT TURNED INTO A FIREBALL THAT DISMANTLED
THE TRUCKS LIKE A GONE-MAD AUTO MECHANIC...



THAT FINISHED OUR
DETAIL FOR US! HIT
THE THROTTLE, ZILKO,
AND LET'S RAMBLE!

ROGER,
SARGE!



THESE DESTRUCTIVE
RAIDS KEEP US FROM
BUILDING UP STRENGTH
TO STRIKE THE YANKEE
MAIN LINE! THEY MUST
BE STOPPED!

BUT HOW, COMRADE
COLONEL P AND BY
WHOM?



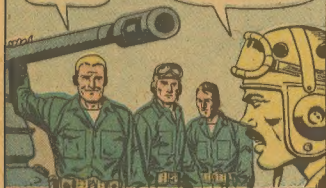
BY OUR FAMOUS COMRADE
MAJOR TENG--AND HIS
TANKS!



NO DOUBT ABOUT IT--THE G.I. RAIDER TANK WAS A PAIN IN THE COMMIE PLANS! BUT THERE WAS PLENTY OF DOUBT AS TO WHO MADE IT SO...

WITHOUT ME AND MY MILLIMETERS, THIS TANK WOULD BE NOTHING BUT A HUNK OF JUNK!

OH YEAH? WHAT GOOD WOULD THAT BLASTER OF YOURS BE, WHAMMO--IF I DIDN'T DRIVE YOU WHERE YOU COULD USE IT?



WITHOUT ME AND MY RADIO, THIS TANK WOULD BE AS DEAF AND BLIND AS THAT 90-MM TUBE!

BUT IF I DIDN'T TELL YOU GUYS *WHAT* TO DO--AND *WHEN* TO DO IT--YOU'D ALL BE GONE GOOSSES!



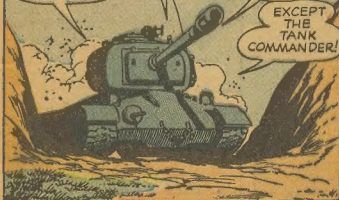
EACH MAN TOOK ALL THE CREDIT-- AND GAVE THE OTHERS NONE! THAT WASN'T ANYTHING NEW! IT HAD STARTED THE DAY THEY TEAMED UP TOGETHER! AND IT WENT ON AND ON...

THE DRIVER IS THE NUMBER ONE MAN IN A TANK...

NEXT TO THE GUNNER!

WISE UP! NOBODY TOPS THE RADIO-MAN!

EXCEPT THE TANK COMMANDER!



SUDDENLY THE ARGUMENT STOPPED! AND THIS IS THE SIGHT THAT STOPPED IT...

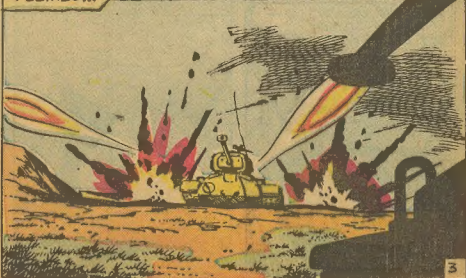
FOUR COMMIE TANKS!



ATTACK, COMRADES!

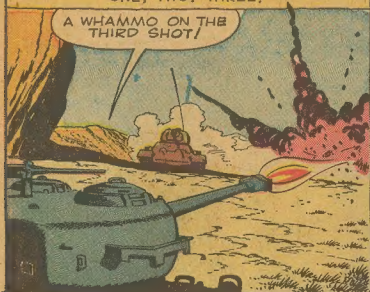
YES, MAJOR TENG!

FOUR 86-MM GUNS BLASTED A BARRAGE OF COMMIE-MADE LIGHTNING AND THUNDER--AND THE LONE G.I. RAIDER WAS BRACKETED IN A FOREST OF SHELL-FIRE PLUMES...



"WHAMMO" WOLONOWSKI, THE GUNNER,
STARTED RETURNING THE MILLIMETERS...
ONE! TWO! THREE!

A WHAMMO ON THE
THIRD SHOT!



SPREAD OUT, COMRADES! WE
STILL HAVE THE YANKEE
RAIDERS OUTNUMBERED
THREE TO ONE!



THEY'RE TRYING TO
SURROUND US! WHAT'S
HOLDING UP YOUR
FIRE, WHAMMO?

AMMO--THE LACK
OF IT! THOSE
THREE SHELLS
WERE ALL I HAD
LEFT!



THIS CALLS FOR
MANEUVERING! DO AS
I SAY, ZILKO--DRIVE
RIGHT BETWEEN THE
TWO RED TANKS!

OKAY,
SARGE!



BUT THIS IS
CRAZY! NOW
WE'RE CAUGHT
BETWEEN 'EM
--AND THEY'RE
PREPARIN' TO
BLAST!

KEEP DOIN'
WHAT I
TELL YOU,
ZILKO!



A SECOND BEFORE ONE
OF THE RED TANKS FIRED---
THE SARGE YELLED
ANOTHER COMMAND...

HIT THE THROTTLE--
HARD, ZILKO!
NOW!



ZILKO HIT THE GAS
PEDAL! THE TANK LEAPED
FORWARD OUT OF THE
PATH OF THE COMING
RED SHELL...

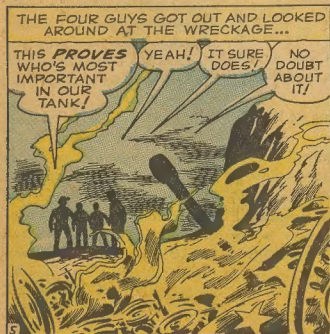
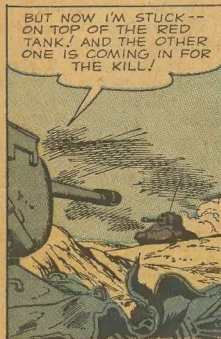
IT WHAMMED THE
OTHER RED
TANK!



BUT THAT ALSO GAVE MAJOR
TENG THE CHANCE HE
WAITED FOR...

WE'RE CLOBBERED!





THE END

THE DUEL

BY late 1917, when the United States entered the war, German influence had almost vanished from the Pacific, but there were several small, hidden bases prepared years before the war. Three had been located and destroyed. But because sinkings by torpedo continued, it became obvious that one more base still existed. Captain Joseph Tradwell of the American submarine Dolphin was one of those assigned to the task of tracking down the U-boat still pursuing their destructive course in Allied shipping. If possible, the last hidden base was also to be located.

Now, for the third time, the Dolphin had encountered an unknown sub. Tradwell suspected it was the same one. It passed at a distance, its engines loud in the earphone detectors. Tradwell ordered pursuit.

At forty fathoms, the Dolphin's head came around in a slow, wide circle. Almost instantly, the sound of the enemy U-boat ceased.

Tradwell glanced at his second in command, Joe Breaker.

"They've heard us," he said with a wry grin.

"They're a mile or two distant, no more," Breaker said. "Moving, we might spot them. But stopped . . ." He shrugged. "It's worse than looking for a needle in a haystack. We might even ram them without know-

ing they were there and sink both subs."

Tradwell considered for a moment.

"You know," he said, "the more I think about this, the more I realize there's only this one sub left. They're mighty careful about hiding, don't even take the chances of eluding pursuit in a chase." He glanced at a chart, picked up his calipers. "But this gives us a chance to calculate the probable position of their base. Now we can triangulate . . . and maybe pinpoint."

"And then attack?" Breaker asked, eagerly.

Tradwell smiled.

"With only torpedoes and a deck gun? Too risky, and it's unwise. The way I see it, the main thing is to destroy the base . . . and one sub can't do that without a little help."

"Then we'll have to surface," Breaker said, impatiently.

"That's right," Tradwell smiled. "We've got to find our position and then send a wireless message for a destroyer fleet."

"In the meantime we lose the enemy sub."

Shrugging, Tradwell turned to give the necessary orders.

"But we gain the base and maybe the sub, too, eventually," he said. "If the base is destroyed, the sub is through; it can only surrender."

A moment later, the Dolphin rose slowly to the surface. There was a moment of tension as the sub surfaced, before the conning tower was clear of water and the bridge opened . . . for there always remained the possibility that the enemy sub had surfaced beforehand.

But the Pacific was clear.

Captain Tradwell came up to the conning tower bridge to take observations. Breaker brought the chart. In the meantime, the radio-room was busy sending a message in code for destroyer support, with information as to the Dolphin's present position.

Ten minutes later, a crewman came to the bridge.

"Contact made, sir. We've given them approximate position, but it will be three days before support can reach us."

Breaker had been triangulating the chart. He and the sub skipper now stared at the result. The area was roughly indicated . . . but there was only one island within six or seven hundred miles of the center of the triangulation.

"That's got to be it," Tradwell said. "A German sub's cruising range has to be at least three thousand miles . . . because the Deutschland did that when it reached America in 1916. But the nearest island to this other one is at least twelve hundred miles away. Al-

CONTINUED

Get Rid of UGLY PIMPLES this new easy way!

Amazing new medicated lotion developed by a doctor works wonders by clearing up complexion in one week or less!

DON'T let a bad complexion ruin romance, spoil your fun, cause you to be embarrassed, shy or ashamed. If you suffer from acne, the common external cause of pimples among young people, try this wonderfully effective medicated lotion that was developed by a practicing physician to clear up his own teen ager's complexion after other methods had failed. It has produced astonishing results for many thousands of others. It is **GUARANTEED** to help you or it won't cost you a single cent!

Doesn't Show On Your Face

Keraplex is a skin-colored lotion (NOT a greasy salve or ointment!) that is quickly absorbed by the skin and gets right down in the pores where its healing and antiseptic ingredients can go to work. After you have applied it, there is no trace left on the surface. In fact, it makes a perfect powder base for girls and a refreshing after shaving lotion for men... actually improves the tone of the skin! It is pleasant and easy to use—leaving your skin soft, clean and fragrant.

Boys and girls—If you have pimples on your shoulders or back, you can avoid embarrassment when they are exposed to view. For Keraplex keeps your shoulders, arms, back and chest wonderfully free from pimples—without soiling clothes, without messiness or greasiness!

Works in SIX Out of SEVEN Cases!

An analysis of **RESULTS** taken from actual case histories proves that Keraplex is successful in clearing up six of every seven cases of externally caused blackheads and pimples. It tones up the complexion generally, giving it a healthy, radiant glow.

Try This New Method Without Risking A Penny!

Keraplex is **GUARANTEED** to clear up your skin troubles or there will be **NO COST** to you whatsoever. If you happen to be the **ONE** extra-stubborn case out of seven which Keraplex cannot help in one short week, it will cost you nothing to have tried it. Keraplex is sent to you with that simple, positive **GUARANTEE!**

SEND NO MONEY

You need send no money with the coupon below. When postman delivers your Keraplex lotion (in plain wrapper marked "Personal"), deposit with him only the modest price indicated below, plus a few cents postage. Then use your Keraplex morning and night for a full week, following the simple directions which will be enclosed.

If you do not **SEE RESULTS** that delight you—if you are not fully convinced that Keraplex **IS** clearing up your complexion—just return the empty bottle or unused portion and the purchase price will be refunded in full. Don't delay a single day. The longer you let your skin troubles go, the more difficult it will be to clear them up and get your complexion back to a healthy, clear, unblemished condition! Clip and mail the coupon **TODAY**. Underwood Laboratories, Inc., Stratford, Conn.



BEFORE

This young man suffered from a severe case of acne for years and tried all the usual "remedies" without success.



AFTER

Same young man after using KERAPLEX twice a day for just one week. Notice the decided improvement—pimples completely gone!



BEFORE

Note more than a dozen blemishes on just one side of this girl's face before KERAPLEX was applied.



AFTER

Same girl had used KERAPLEX twice a day for only 5 days when above photo was taken. Note the amazing improvement.

WHAT USERS SAY:

"I was suffering from a severe case of acne... and with only 4 days' treatment with Keraplex... was completely relieved."—P. S.

"I have been completely satisfied with your lotion to help clear up the pimples on my face,"

—K. W.

"I have used Keraplex and for the first time in my life my pimples are clearing up in good shape. I can't thank you enough!"—E. S.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

UNDERWOOD LABORATORIES, Inc., Dept. 127
STRATFORD, CONN.

Yes! I want to try Keraplex ON APPROVAL. Send size checked below in plain wrapper marked "Personal." When it is delivered I will deposit with postman amount indicated below, plus postage. If not delighted with the **RESULTS**, I will return empty bottle within seven days for a full refund of the purchase price.

- ☐ Regular Size, \$1.98
☐ Double Quantity (Two Bottles), \$3.50

Name

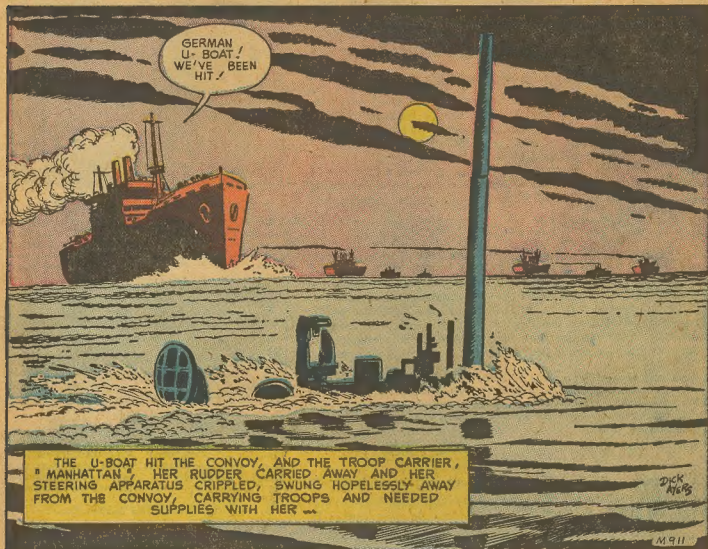
Address

City Zone State

☐ **SAVE POSTAGE.** Check here if you **ENCLOSE** payment, in which case we pay postage. Same money-back Guarantee applies!

Payment must be sent with orders going to A.P.O.'s, Canada and foreign countries, due to postal rules.

ATTACK BY NIGHT!



THE CONVOY WAS SWALLOWED UP IN THE GLOOM, AND THE "MANHATTAN" WAS ALONE. LUCKILY, THE CONVOY'S ESCORT DESTROYERS KEPT THE ENEMY SUB BUSY!



I TRIED TO EXPLAIN WHEN I ENLISTED, BUT NO ONE LISTENED! FIRST THING I KNEW, I WAS IN THE INFANTRY! THEN EVERYBODY WOULD SAY THE SAME THING YOU SAID, SARGE, WHEN YOU HEARD I WAS AN ENGINEER. THEN WHAT'RE YOU DOING IN THE INFANTRY?!

CAPTAIN, THERE ARE ROCKS AHEAD! I THINK WE'RE GOING TO HIT THEM AND GO AGROUND!

TRY TO GO AGROUND AS CLOSE TO SHORE AS POSSIBLE! WE'RE CARRYING MORTARS AND SUPPLIES THAT ARE VITAL TO OUR MEN!

THE SHIP WENT AGROUND AGAINST THE ROCKS.



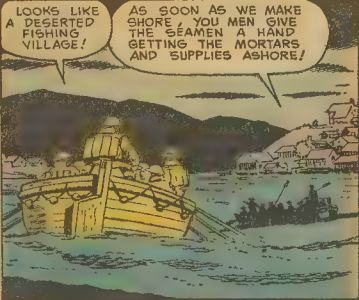
CAPTAIN, THE MEN CAN GET OFF IN THE SMALL BOATS! BUT THE ARMAMENT AND SUPPLIES MUST BE GOTTEN OFF TOO!

I KNOW IT, MAJOR! WE'LL RIG A LINE FROM THE ROCKS AND SEE IF WE CAN GET THAT STUFF OFF!

THE TROOPS ROWED TO SHORE IN THE SMALL BOATS...

LOOKS LIKE A DESERTED FISHING VILLAGE!

AS SOON AS WE MAKE SHORE, YOU MEN GIVE THE SEAMEN A HAND GETTING THE MORTARS AND SUPPLIES ASHORE!



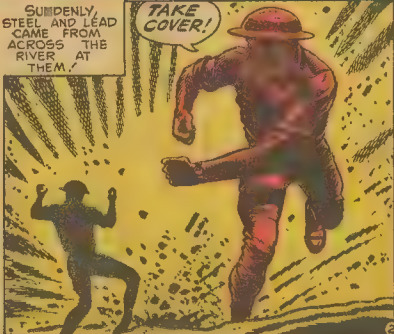
THEY LABORED HARD AND MANAGED TO GET THE SUPPLIES AND GUNS ASHORE...

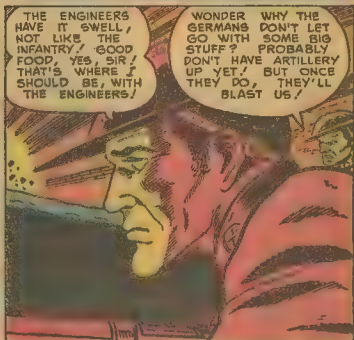
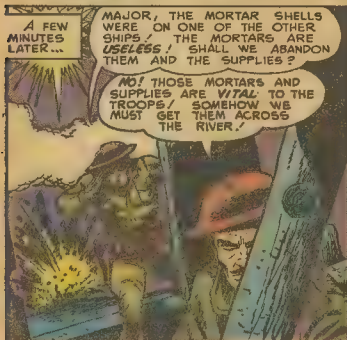
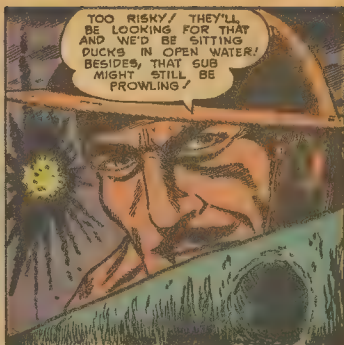
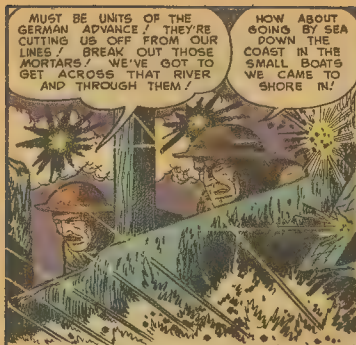
SUMDENLY, STEEL AND LEAD CAME FROM ACROSS THE RIVER AT THEM!

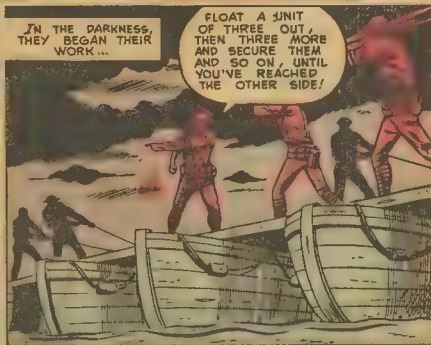
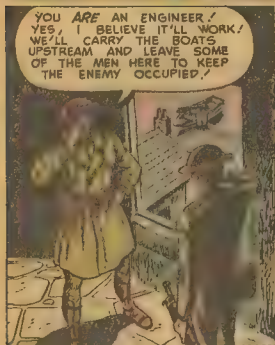
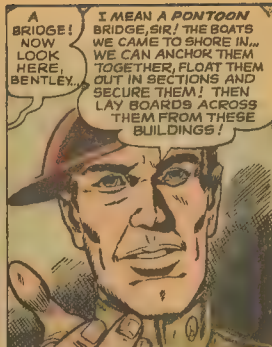
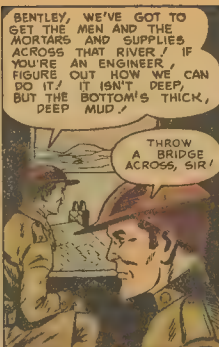
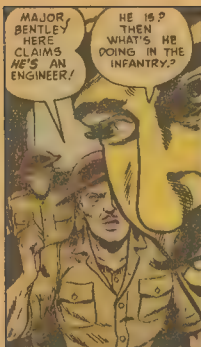
TAKE COVER!

CAPTAIN, WE'RE PULLING OUT! WE MUST REJOIN THE REST OF THE TROOPS FROM THE CONVOY DOWN THE COAST!

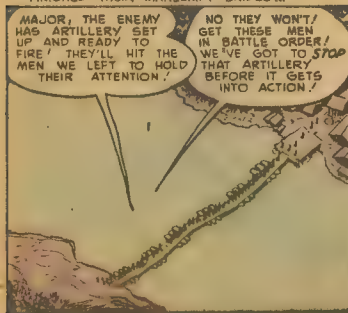
WE'LL STICK WITH THE SHIP AND FLOAT HER OFF AT HIGH TIDE, MAKING WHAT REPAIRS CAN WE THEN!







DAWN WAS ON ITS WAY WHEN THEY HAD FINISHED THEIR MAKESHIFT BRIDGE...



THEY MOVED FORWARD QUIETLY AND PRESENTLY SAW THE GERMAN ARTILLERY AS THE FIRST FAINT STREAKS OF DAWN APPEARED!



THEY SMASHED FORWARD IN SAVAGE ATTACK
UPON THE UNSUSPECTING GERMANS!



THE ENEMY TROOPS FROM THE RIVER
COUNTER-ATTACKED, BUT THE YANKS
SMASHED IN CLOSE, FIGHTING HAND-
TO-HAND ...



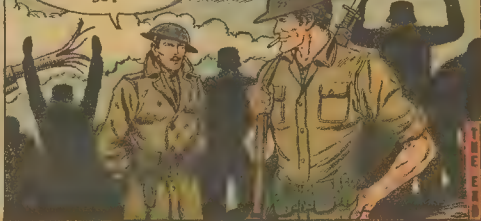
THE GERMANS WERE PUSHED BACK! THE
YANKS PRESSED FORWARD, FEELING THE TASTE
OF VICTORY IN THEIR FIRST CONTACT WITH THE
ENEMY!



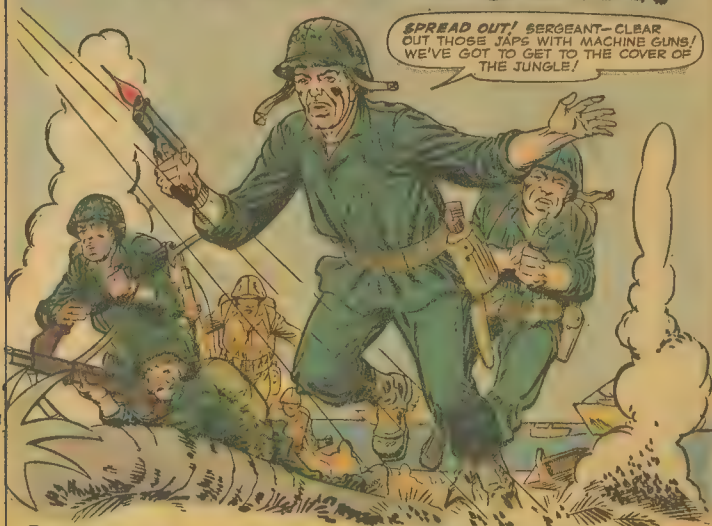
HOLD YOUR FIRE! LOOKS
LIKE WE'VE WON OURSELVES
A VICTORY! DRAG THOSE
GERMANS OUT OF THE MUD
THERE! WE'LL TAKE THESE
PRISONERS WITH US!

BENTLEY, THAT WAS
A SPLENDID JOB! AS
SOON AS WE GET TO
OUR H.Q., I'LL SEE
TO IT THAT YOU'RE
TRANSFERRED TO THE
ENGINEERING CORPS!
I UNDERSTAND THAT'S
WHERE YOU WANT TO
BE?

THAT'S WHERE I DID WANT TO
BE... BEFORE THIS SCRAP!
BUT NOW, IF YOU DON'T MIND,
SIR, I'D RATHER STAY WITH
MY OWN OUTFIT! GUESS I
SORT OF LIKE THE INFANTRY!



THE HIDDEN DOOM!

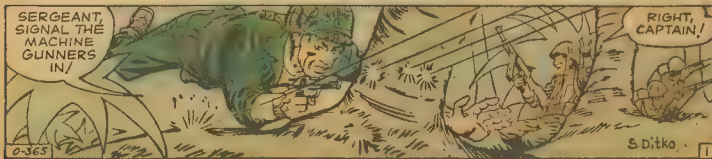


SPREAD OUT! SERGEANT—CLEAR OUT THOSE JAPS WITH MACHINE GUNS! WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE COVER OF THE JUNGLE!

EASY COMPANY, U.S. MARINES, HIT THE BEACH ON THE SMALL, JAP-HELD ISLAND! SECURING A BEACHHEAD IS NOT THE ONLY DIFFICULT TASK IN ISLAND-HOPPING WARFARE, FOR THE ENEMY WAS CUNNING AND THE ISLANDS THEY HELD HAD BEEN FASHIONED INTO BOOBY TRAPS FOR THE UNWARY... AND TAKING AND HOLDING THIS ISLAND WAS
EASY COMPANY'S MISSION!



SQUAD TWO... MOVE OUT! GET INTO THOSE TREES!



SERGEANT, SIGNAL THE MACHINE GUNNERS IN!

RIGHT, CAPTAIN!



THE
SOUNDS OF
BATTLE
BUILT TO A
SCREECHING,
RISING
CRESCENDO!

FORWARD!
COME ON!
SCOUTS OUT!

THEY MOVED FORWARD INTO THE WHIPPING, FLYING STEEL, TAKING ADVANTAGE OF EVERY BIT OF COVER!

THE JAPS HAVE RETREATED WELL BEYOND THE OTHER EDGE! PROBABLY HAVE COVER IN FRONT OF THEIR FORTIFICATIONS! DIG IN! PASS THE ORDER, SERGEANT!

SCOUTS OUT! CIRCLE THE CLEAR SPACE!

DIG IN, MEN! WE STICK HERE UNTIL FURTHER ORDERS!

CAPTAIN, THERE'S A CLEARED AREA IN FRONT! JAP FORTIFICATIONS ARE BEYOND IT IN THE JUNGLE!

OKAY! WE'LL DIG IN AT THE EDGE OF THE CLEARED SPACE!



DIG IN, BOYS! BOLEY, WHAT'S THAT YOU'VE GOT UNDER YOUR JACKET?



I THOUGHT SO! OUR MASCOT, "GYRENE", BUT YOU HEARD THE CAPTAIN ORDER YOU TO LEAVE HIM ON THE SHIP!

AW, SARGE, I COULDN'T DO THAT! BESIDES, HE'S EASY COMPANY'S LUCK!

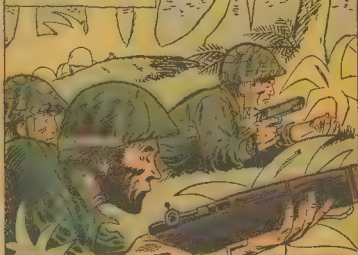


ONCE THE CAPTAIN FINDS OUT YOU BROUGHT HIM WITH YOU, IT **WON'T** BE LUCKY FOR YOU!

SARGE, LISTEN... THE JAPS'VE STOPPED FIRING!

THE SILENCE THAT DESCENDED WAS ALMOST TANGIBLE! LIKE SOMETHING A MAN COULD REACH OUT AND FELL!

WHAT ARE THEY UP TO? PASS THE WORD... I WANT ABSOLUTE SILENCE! THE JAPS ARE UP TO ONE OF THEIR TRICKS!



WARY, ALERT, THE MARINES WAITED IN SILENCE, TENSE HANDS GRIPPING THEIR WEAPONS!

CAPTAIN, THE JAPS HAVE RETREATED TO THEIR FORTIFICATIONS!

THEN THEY'RE **NOT** WAITING IN AMBUSH ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS CLEARING! SOMETHING'S UP THOUGH! HMM, WE'RE RUNNING BEHIND SCHEDULE!



SHHHHH, "GYRENE"! BE QUIET...

BOLEY!



"BOLEY, I GAVE YOU ORDERS TO LEAVE THAT HOUND BEHIND!

YES SIR! BUT... "GYRENE", COME BACK HERE...



SUDDENLY THE PUP RUSHED AWAY, HIS FURIOUS BARKING TEARING THE UNEASY SILENCE TO SHREDS!

MEN, PREPARE TO ADVANCE ACROSS THE CLEAR SPACE FAST! HIT THE OTHER SIDE QUICK AND ATTACK!



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Authentic reproduction
of the Historic Colt .44
in gleaming gold

*"Peacemaker
OF THE WEST"*

Feel the drama of saddle and sage
with the Golden Gun—companion of
the pioneers. Armed with courage,
faith and the Colt Forty-four, these
brave men used this trusty weapon
in wiping out lawlessness for the
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Dear Mother and Dad

When you see this Golden Gun, you will know why I am so proud of it. It is a true masterpiece of craftsmanship and a beautiful addition to my collection. I am sure you will be proud of me for having it. I am sure you will be proud of me for having it. I am sure you will be proud of me for having it.

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We will send you the Golden Gun Peacemaker of the
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CLASH! LYLE NOVELTY CO.
2856 Fashion Ave., Long Beach 10, Calif.

BOLEY, I'M GOING TO BREAK YOU FOR THIS!
THAT PUP'S GOING TO TIP OFF EVERY
MOVEMENT WE MAKE!



THE LITTLE BEAGLE WAS HAPPY DOING WHAT
HE HAD BEEN BRED FOR! THE RABBIT BROKE
COVER WITH THE PUP ON HIS HEELS AND BROKE
OUT INTO THE CLEARED SPACE! THEN...



CAPTAIN, THAT SPACE IS MINED--
ANTI-PERSONNEL MINES, NINE
POUND PRESSURE, SEVENTY-
FIVE YARD SPREAD! IF IT
WASN'T FOR THAT PUP
CHASIN' THE RABBIT INTO
ONE OF THOSE MINES...

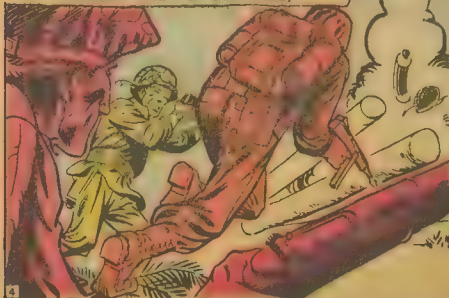
SERGEANT, PICK A
DETAIL TO
STAY HERE
AND ROLL
STONES, COCO-
NUTS, ANYTHING
OUT THERE TO
EXPLODE THOSE MINES! THE
JAPS'LL THINK WE MOVED
INTO THEM! THE MAIN FORCE
WILL SKIRT THAT SPACE
AND COME IN ON THEM
FROM TWO SIDES!



THE JAPS WAITED FOR THE REMNANTS OF
EASY COMPANY TO COME THROUGH THE
MINE FIELD...



AND THE MARINES' ATTACK, IN FULL FORCE
AND FROM TWO UNEXPECTED DIRECTIONS,
CAUGHT THEM BY SURPRISE!



THE ENEMY WAS CLOBBERED IN
ONE QUICK PINCHER THRUST!

BOLEY, FORGET WHAT
I SAID! IF IT WASN'T
FOR THIS PUP, EASY
COMPANY WOULD'VE
HAD IT! 'GYRENE',
THE MARINES' BEST
FRIEND!

BOLEY, YOU
WEREN'T
KIDDING
WHEN YOU
SAID HE
WAS OUR
LUCK!



THE END

HIGH ABOVE THE SOUNDS OF BATTLE... ABOVE THE ROARING OF GUNS, THE SHOUTING OF SOLDIERS, THE CRIES OF THE VICTORS AND THE WEeping OF THE LOSERS ROSE ONE SOUND THAT WAS MORE THE SIGN OF VALIANT BRAVERY AND FIGHTING VALOR THAN ANY OF THESE! THIS WAS THE LOUD, CLEAR AND CHALLENGING...

BUGLE CALL!

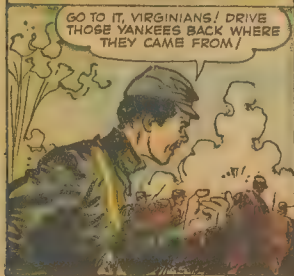


LOOK AT JERRY! IF HE ISN'T THE PROUD-EST AND BRAVEST SOLDIER OF US ALL!

HE'S PROUD TO BE WITH THIS REGIMENT, JACK! HE WORSHIPS EVERY ONE OF US! LET'S HOPE WE CONTINUE TO LIVE UP TO WHAT HE THINKS OF US!

AND SO IT WAS WITH THE BUGLE BOY OF THE 7th REGIMENT OF VIRGINIANS! NO PLACE WAS TOO DANGEROUS, NO FIGHTING TOO HEAVY FOR HIM TO FEAR! AS LONG AS HIS HEROES LED THE WAY!

GO TO IT, VIRGINIANS! DRIVE THOSE YANKEES BACK WHERE THEY CAME FROM!



HALT, MEN! THEY DECEYED US INTO A TRAP! THEY WANTED US TO COME AHEAD... TO LEAD US INTO CANNON FIRE! RETREAT BEFORE WE'RE CUT OFF! BUGLE BOY, BLOW RETREAT!



IGNOBLE TASK INDEED FOR A BUGLER BOY LIKE THIS ONE TO BLOW RETREAT... BUT AN ORDER IS AN ORDER... AND JERRY WAS A SOLDIER!

TRICKY, THEM YANKEES! BUT WE'LL GET BACK AT 'EM, SOON'S WE JOIN FORCES WITH THE 5TH GEORGIANS!

WE BETTER JOIN RIGHT QUICK! THAT CANNON FIRE'S AWFUL CLOSE!



UNABLE TO EXPOSE THEMSELVES AND FIGHT BACK, THE VIRGINIANS CRINGED UNDER THE MASSES ATTACK OF BULLETS AND CANNONBALLS THAT RAGED ALL ABOUT THEM!

VERY BAD! FROM THE

HOW BAD IS IT, SIR?

WAY THEY'RE ATTACKING, I THINK THEY'VE GOT US COMPLETELY SURROUNDED AND CUT OFF FROM RELIEF, BUT... LET'S HOPE I'M WRONG!



CAPTAIN BRADY, HOWEVER, WAS NOT WRONG. ALTHOUGH THE ENEMY DIDN'T ATTACK IN PERSON, HIS GUNS KEPT UP THE CONSTANT, HEAVY FIRE FOR HOURS!

HOW LONG CAN WE STAND IT? LET'S DO SOMETHING! LET'S FIGHT!

I CAN'T ASK THE MEN TO FIGHT AGAINST HOPELESS ODDS! ONE MOVE OUT OF HERE AND WE'RE CAUGHT IN THAT FIRING!



YOU'RE RIGHT, SIR! WE DON'T HAVE A CHANCE! IT'S ALL RIGHT TO FIGHT... EVEN IF THE ODDS ARE AGAINST YOU... BUT **THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE!**

I KNOW! I'LL ORDER A WHITE FLAG SENT UP...



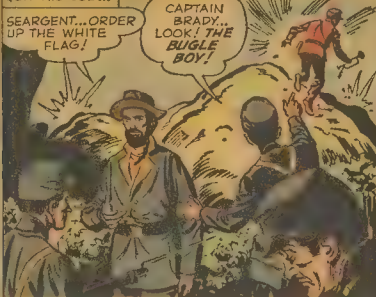
BUT THERE WAS ONE WHO DIDN'T WANT TO SEE THE MEN SURRENDER! THERE WAS ONE WHO WAS HEARTBROKEN BECAUSE THESE HEROES WHO HE HAD WORSHIPED AS MEN AND SOLDIERS WERE ABOUT TO LAY DOWN THEIR ARMS AND QUIT.



...AND THERE WAS ONE WHO *WASN'T* READY TO QUIT HIS JOB...

SEARGENT...ORDER UP THE WHITE FLAG!

CAPTAIN BRADY...LOOK!! THE BUGLE BOY!



BUGLE BOY! COME BACK HERE, DO YOU HEAR? THAT'S AN ORDER!

HE'LL BE KILLED OUT THERE, THE YOUNG FOOL! WHAT'S HE TRYING TO DO?



THEN IT RANG OUT... LOUD AND CLEAR!

IT'S THE CALL TO CHARGE!

WELL, WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? ARE WE GONNA LET A LITTLE KID SHOW US HOW TO FIGHT LIKE MEN AND SOLDIERS?



UP THEY ROSE AS ONE MAN, WITH THE BUGLE STILL BLARING FORTH ITS PROUD CHALLENGE RIGHT INTO THE TEETH OF YANKEE GUNFIRE!

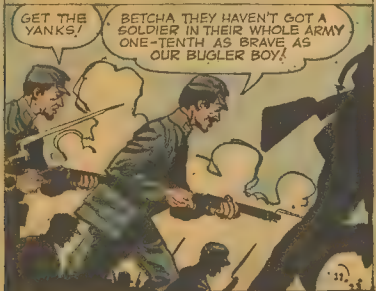
COME ON, YOU MEN! DON'T YOU HEAR THE BUGLE CALL? CHARGE!



AND THE MEN WHO HADN'T A CHANCE... THE MEN WHO WERE READY TO LAY DOWN THEIR ARMS A MOMENT BEFORE, WERE NOW TRANSFORMED INTO A VALIANT FIGHTING TEAM, DRIVEN BY THE FIERCE PRIDE OF A BUGLE CALL!

GET THE YANKS!

BETCHA THEY HAVEN'T GOT A SOLDIER IN THEIR WHOLE ARMY ONE-TENTH AS BRAVE AS OUR BUGLER BOY!



WHERE'D THEY COME FROM? HOW'D THEY GET THROUGH OUR GUNFIRE?

STOP ASKING FOOL QUESTIONS AND FIGHT 'EM BACK!



AT POINT AFTER POINT, THE VIRGINIANS ATTACKED... AND
ASTOUNDED THE SURPRISED YANKEES!



AND ALL THE WHILE, THE BUGLE KEPT
BLOWING: "CHARGE!"



TAKE THIS GUN AND WE CLEAR THE
WAY FOR OUR REINFORCEMENTS! THE
GEORGIANS SHOULD BE BACK THERE!



AND, A FEW MINUTES LATER...

THANK YOU, CAPTAIN! YOU'VE
DONE MORE THAN ENOUGH!
WE'LL TAKE OVER NOW!

THANK
YOU, SIR!



THAT'S ALL, SON! YOU'VE DONE
YOUR JOB... AND DONE IT WELL!
WE'RE ALL PROUD OF YOU AND
WANT TO THANK YOU FOR
REMINING US THAT WE ARE
SOLDIERS, FIRST, LAST AND
ALWAYS!



AND NOW IT WAS THE MEN WHO HAD REASON
TO BE PROUD OF THEIR BUGLE BOY! AND
JERRY? HE WAS HAPPY ONCE AGAIN BECAUSE
HIS HEROES, THE MEN HE WORSHIPPED, HAD
NOT FAILED THE BUGLE CALL!

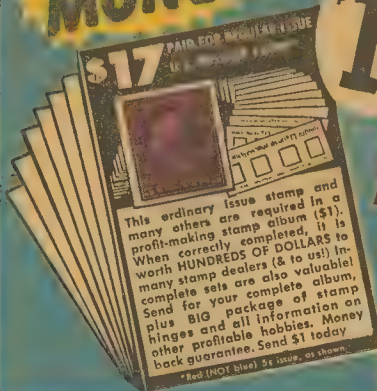


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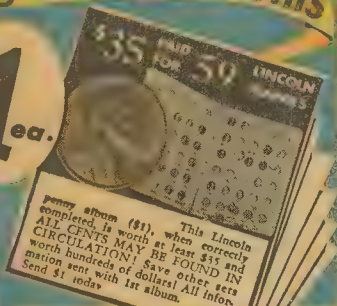
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lowing for passage and return, that other island is too far away. It has to be the one we've picked." He turned to the waiting crewman with the rendezvous position marked on a slip of paper. "Send that, Smith. If the destroyers rendezvous with us there, they'll only need two and a quarter days to make it."

Half an hour later, the Dolphin was submerging. Once more the undersea sounds were studied. A noise of motors steadily growing fainter and proceeding in widening circles was the only sign of the U-boat. Nevertheless, Tradwell took a rough fix and started the Dolphin under way.

She surfaced next morning. By calculation, it was obvious the enemy sub had been heading generally toward the island already indicated when its last sound was heard.

"A barren atoll . . . little more," Tradwell commented, as he glanced over his guidebooks that noted Pacific islands. "It's got a barrier reef with very high walls. No entrance is marked . . . but it might have been blasted through . . . and there'd be plenty of water to float a sub or two." He peered north. "Well, we'll keep heading there."

A crewman leaped upon deck.

"Fleet headquarters reports a British freighter carrying coal and oil two hundred miles away, sir," he said, handing Tradwell a piece of paper.

The sub skipper read the position figures.

"It's heading right into the danger area without knowing it," he said, tensely.

"Can we make contact, sir?" Breaker asked.

"Not without risking a warning to the sub. Either the hidden base or the sub might hear it. We've got to keep even coded messages to a minimum . . . and we don't know British codes." He led the way off the bridge. "Full speed ahead," he said, "toward the merchant ship's position."

Hour after hour, the sub

plowed on beneath the sea, rising every so often to ascertain position. At night it continued on close to the surface. Then, at dawn, the skipper was awakened by a general alarm. He sprang to the periscope as Breaker told him the news . . . that sub engines and big screws had been sounded almost simultaneously. Tradwell's eye was glued to the periscope as the Dolphin rose.

"If she's carrying coal and oil, they'll probably try to capture her," he said to Breaker. "Then they'll unload the ship at their base and scuttle it." An instant later he drew a sharp breath. "Got it! The U-boat's surfaced. Up she goes . . . and ready with the deck gun; but keep her under way."



A moment later the Dolphin broke water with six of its crew pouring off the conning tower before the deck had entirely cleared. Swiftly, the deck gun was unlimbered. Two thousand yards away lay the freighter, and, just out of range, was the long dark shape of a U-boat. A shot abruptly fell short of the Dolphin.

"Fire!" Tradwell cried.

The deck-gun spoke. Again it spoke. Two geysers bracketed the U-boat's bows. A third shot went home.

"Clipped her," Tradwell said. "She may be unable to submerge!"

Now the enemy sub began

drawing away.

"She's got the edge on us for speed, sir," Breaker said, as the Dolphin's shells again fell short of the U-boat.

"But not of the destroyers!" Tradwell said dramatically. "Here they come!" He pointed to a smudge of smoke on the horizon. "They've bettered their time!"

The U-boat swept northward at increasing speed, slowly leaving the Dolphin behind. And now, up ahead, rose the low, dim outline of a coral atoll. The U-boat prow drew slowly round to the east. Closer and closer it drew, but now the destroyers were dashing up. The freighter sailed off southward out of any line of fire.

From the deck of the American submarine, keen eyes watched the U-boat disappear suddenly through a rift in the reef.

"She's gone," Breaker groaned.

"Maybe not," Tradwell said, but as he spoke, a single naval gun behind the reef opened up. "Submerge to four feet!" the skipper yelled.

Five minutes later, he was peering through the periscope. The three destroyers passed the field of vision and began circling the island, bombarding it.

"Try a torpedo, right through the entrance rift," Tradwell ordered. He kept his eye on target. Shells from the destroyers were bursting inside the reef. A sheet of flame went skyward, suddenly.

"There go their reserve fuel tanks!" The skipper muttered. "But the sub can still escape." An instant later, he gave the command: "Fire!" A few seconds passed, then again, "Fire!"

He watched the torpedo tracks heading for the rift. Suddenly one struck, then the other. A giant shock ran through the Dolphin as a cloud of smoke, flame and debris blotted out the reef.

Tradwell grinned. "Mission accomplished!" he said.

THE TERRIBLE TRIUMVIRATE--DEATH, DEFEAT AND DESPERATION--DICTATED THE ACTIONS OF THE JAPANESE
IN THE SECOND WORLD WAR

KAMIKAZE!

LOOK' OUT,
BENSON! THAT LAST
ZERO IS TAKING
A DEATH DIVE AT
YOU!



TOO LATE!

WHILE THE RAMMED MARINE
HELLCAT CORKSCREWED EARTH-
WARD, THE OTHER GYRENE PILOTS
PRAYED OUT LOUD...



BAIL OUT,
BENSON! HIT
THE SILK!

A WHITE MUSHROOM BLOSSOMED
IN THE BLUE PACIFIC SKY! THEIR
PRAYERS HAD BEEN ANSWERED...



WE'LL SEND ROGER, CAPTAIN
A REGGUE TEAM, KANE! I'LL BE
TO PICK YOU UP, RIGHT HERE...
BENSON! WAITING!



LATER THAT DAY, AFTER THE RESCUE, ALL THE LEATHER-
NECK PILOTS WERE BACK ON THEIR ATOLL AIRFIELD.
THERE WAS MUCH TALK ABOUT WHAT HAD HAPPENED...

SURE THE JAPS HAVE RAMMED
THEIR ZEROS INTO TARGETS
BEFORE! BUT ALWAYS *AFTER*
THEY'D BEEN SO BADLY SHOT-
UP, THEY WERE GONERS, ANY-
WAY!

AND THERE WAS
NOTHING WRONG
WITH THE ONE THAT
SLAMMED INTO
BENSON! HE DID IT
DELIBERATELY!

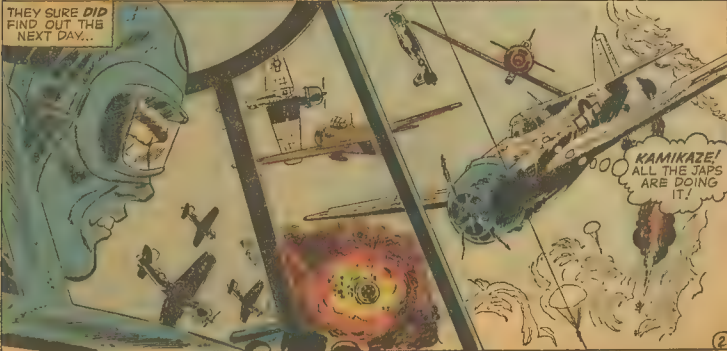


KAMIKAZE--THAT'S
WHAT IT IS! THEY'VE
DONE IT AGAINST OUR
NAVY'S SHIPS!

BUT NEVER AGAINST OUR
PLANES IN THE AIR!
WHETHER THIS IS A NEW
TWIST ON THE KAMIKAZE
WE DON'T KNOW-- BUT
WE'LL FIND OUT ON
TOMORROW'S
MISSION!



THEY SURE *DID*
FIND OUT THE
NEXT DAY...

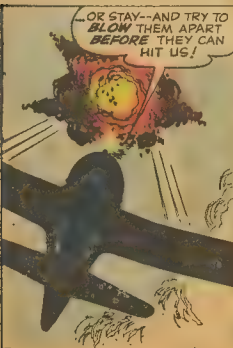


KAMIKAZE!
ALL THE JAPS
ARE DOING
IT!

ONLY ONE JAP ZERO DEPARTED AFTER THE ENEMY KAMIKAZE ATTACK ENDED...



THAT'S THEIR OBSERVER! HE'S SCUDDING OFF TO REPORT ON HOW THE KAMIKAZE WENT!



...OR STAY--AND TRY TO BLOW THEM APART BEFORE THEY CAN HIT US!

KAMIKAZE MOST SUCCESSFUL, COLONEL!

EXCELLENT! THE YANKEE MARINE HELLCATS ARE OUR WORST ENEMY! WHEN OUR KAMIKAZE PILOTS ELIMINATE ALL OF THEM, WE WILL BE ABLE TO LAUNCH OUR INVASION OF KABE ATOLL-- AND ONCE AGAIN START A VICTORY MARCH ACROSS THE PACIFIC!



ON EVERY MISSION AFTER THAT, THE JAP ZEROS WERE FLYING BOMBS! THEY'D AIM THEIR AIRCRAFT AT THE GYRENE PLANES AND THEN TEAR AT THEM WITH THROTTLES WIDE OPEN!



BANZAI!



WE CAN RUN...

AS SOON AS THAT MISSION WAS OVER AND ALL HELLCATS WERE DOWN, CAPTAIN KANE MADE A DECISION THAT AMAZED ALL HIS PILOTS...

YOU ARE ALL GROUNDED-- EXCEPT FOR PATROLS!



AND AFTER TWO DAYS, EVEN THE JAPS WERE COMPLAINING...

AGAIN OUR KAMIKAZE PILOTS RETURN-- BECAUSE NO YANKEE AIRCRAFT APPEARED FOR THEM TO CRASH INTO!

THE CAUTIOUS YANKEES HAVE GROUNDED THEMSELVES TO PROTECT THE AIRCRAFT! BUT IF OUR KAMIKAZE PILOTS CANNOT CRASH INTO THEM IN THE AIR-- THEY SHALL DO IT ON THE GROUND!



THE NEXT DAY, A MARINE PATROL PLANE SPOTTED A FLIGHT OF FIVE KAMIKAZES...



THEY'RE APPROACHING OUR BASE!

IMMEDIATELY THE FIVE ZEROS TURNED INTO FIVE BOMBS! DOWN THEY WENT WAILING...



AND SUDDENLY, FIVE MARINE PLANES, PARKED ON THE FIELD, WENT UP IN FIVE EXPLOSIONS, AS THE KAMIKAZES HIT...



THEY GOT FIVE OF OUR PLANES, CAPTAIN KANE, AND WITHOUT A FIGHT! AND WHEN THEIR OBSERVER GETS BACK WITH THE NEWS, ALL THE REST OF THE KAMIKAZES WILL BE BACK TO FINISH OUR PARKED PLANES! ARE YOU STILL GOING TO KEEP US GROUNDED?



YES!

SPECTACULAR SUCCESS, COLONEL! IF WE HAD ALL OF OUR KAMIKAZE PILOTS THERE TODAY...



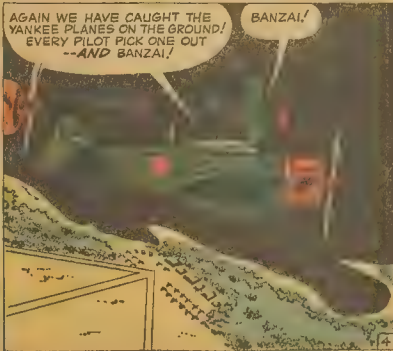
TOMORROW I WILL SEND OUT EVERY KAMIKAZE! AND IF THEY SUCCEED IN DESTROYING ALL THE YANKEE PLANES, I WILL ORDER THE INVASION OF KABA ATOLL TO BEGIN!

AT NOON ON THE FOLLOWING DAY, THE MARINE PATROL PLANE RADIOED AN URGENT WARNING...



KAMIKAZES! A SKY FULL OF THEM!

AGAIN WE HAVE CAUGHT THE YANKEE PLANES ON THE GROUND! EVERY PILOT PICK ONE OUT --AND BANZAI!



BANZAI!

THE HEAVENS THROBBED WITH THE LAMENT OF THE KAMIKAZE PLANES AS THEY PLUNGED DOWNWARD! ONLY THE JAPANESE OBSERVER REMAINED ALOFT...

YOU CAN BEGIN THE INVASION, COLONEL! OUR KAMIKAZE DESTROYED EVERY YANKEE PLANE ON THE FIELD!

BANZAI! OUR SHIPS WILL INVADE AT ONCE!

THE REMNANTS OF THE JAPANESE FLEET STEAMED OUT SWIFTLY INTO THE OPEN WATERS OF THE PACIFIC...

NOW WE CAN RETAKE KABA ATOLL WITHOUT FEAR OF THE YANKEE HELLCATS POUNING UPON US!

IT WAS WORTH THE SACRIFICE OUR KAMIKAZE PILOTS MADE TO WIPE OUT THE YANKEE PLANES!

SUDDENLY, THE SKY BECAME SPECKLED WITH AIRCRAFT! THE AIR PULSATED WITH THE WHIRL OF PROPS...

THEY ARE HELLCATS!

THEY WERE ALL DESTROYED BY OUR KAMIKAZES!

IMPOSSIBLE!

YOU WERE *RIGHT*, CAPTAIN KANE! THE JAPS WERE UP TO SOMETHING *BIG*-- AND *THERE IT IS!*

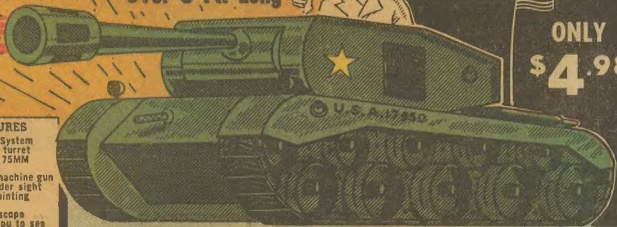
AND NO KAMIKAZE TO STOP US-- SINCE THEY *WASTED THEMSELVES* ON THE DECOY PLANES WE PLACED ON OUR FIELD WHILE WE HID OUR *REAL PLANES* IN THE JUNGLE!

THE MARINE PLANES ATTACKED! AND WITHOUT PLANES TO PROTECT IT, THE LAST OF THE EMPEROR'S FLEET WAS DOOMED! THIS WAS THE END FOR THE JAPANESE NAVY, AND THEIR HOPES--AND THE MOST FANATICAL WAR TACTIC EVER DEvised--
KAMIKAZE!

THE END

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But Can Be Handled By One

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Address _____

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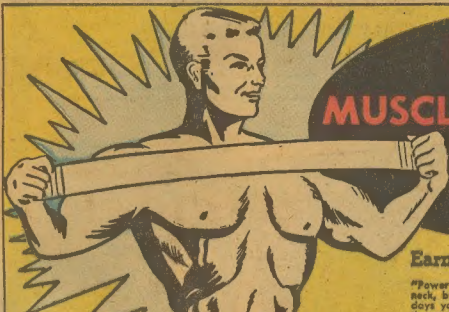
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☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus C.O.D.

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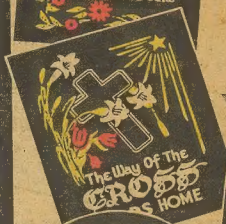
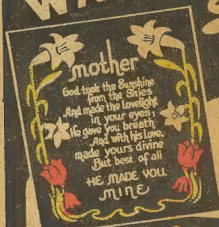
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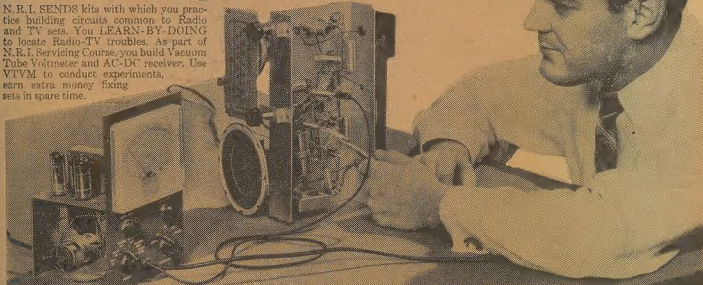
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